

Except to thaw the icy stream,
Whose little current purls along,
Until its progress grows more strong,
And whelms thee as it flows.

"The night breeze tears thy silky dress,
Which deck'd with silvery lustre shone;
The moon returns, not thee to bless—
The gaudy Crocus flaunts its pride,
And triumphs o'er its rival—died
Unsheltered and unknown.

"No sunny beam shall glad thy grave,
No bird of pity thee deplore;
There shall no verdant branches wave
For Spring shall all her gems unfold,
And revel midst her beds of gold,
And thou art seen no more.

"Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,
Thou still art sweet and dear to me!
For I have known the cheering hour,
Have seen the sunbeams cold and pale,
Have felt the chilling wintry gale,
And wept and shrunk like thee."

This beautiful flower may be said to be the emblem of Consolation, and symbol of Hope. When the heart of man has been subdued by the gloom of winter, when the north wind whistles, and the hoar frost clothes the verdant despoiled trees—when the earth is covered with her carpet of snow, then are the pearly flowers of the Snow-drop a symbol of Hope—an emblem of Consolation—an assurance of coming spring.

"I've oft admired the lonely flower
That mid the wintry snows,
When other flowrets bloom no more,
His silvery bosom shows.

"I've thought it represented *Hope*,
Which with support replete,
Pours in the bitterest earthly cup,
A more than earthly sweet.

"Yes, let affection force the tear—
The world our bosoms sting,
Hope, like the Snowdrop, still shall cheer,
And point to coming spring."

What can be the reason that we are so fond of the little Snowdrop? is it for its whiteness or its delicacy? No, other flowers are as white, as delicate, and more beautiful. It is because it comes alone, when every thing around bears the aspect of gloom; then do we hail the little shoot of green, and its snowy flowers, which comes to smile upon us when we have no other flowers to admire. One poet, in addressing it, says

"Though no warm and murmuring zephyr
Fan thy leaves with balmy wing,
Pleased we hail thee, spotless blossom,
Herald of the infant spring."

And another writes thus:

"A thousand bright flowers shall gladden the earth,
When summer comes forth in her beauty and mirth;
Yet none more delightful imaginings bring
Than those which are first in our pathway to spring.